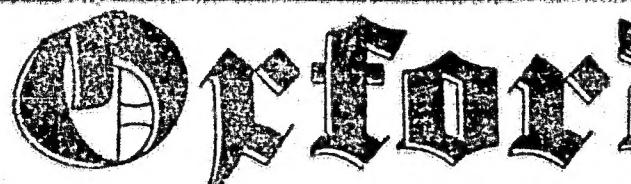


For a. Carter
House Rep.



Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 5.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1838.

NUMBER 20.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
G. W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance
One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper will be continued till all dues are paid, but at
the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms,
not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

CONTINUATION, and LETTERS on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-mail.

THE CONTRAST.

One cold December evening, as the stage whirled thro' the village of —, it stopped at the door of a humble cottage, and set down a single traveller. It was the abode of a poor widow, whose heart beat quick within her, when the joyous sound of the sleigh bells ceased so unexpectedly at her own door. She well knew the unlooked-for visitor could be none other than her only son ; and, trembling with joy, surprise and eagerness, she hurried to meet him.

But ere her hand touched the latch, a fearful sound struck upon her ear. In a short, hollow cough, which the poor invalid in vain sought to stifle, she too well knew the symptom of that complaint, which had made her a widow, and but for this one a child less woman ; and now she felt that she was to be wholly bereaved.

It was a sad meeting. Walter had left her when the blooming cheek and bright eye of his boyhood, bade her hope that in the constitution of her youngest and gentlest, the seeds of unfailing decay, had not been sown before his birth ; for five long years of apprenticeship in the distant city, had he nursed her hopes into certainty by constant and cheering letters ; and now when, in her fond imagination, she had pictured him to herself, ripened into glowing and hardy manhood, he suddenly stood before her, a tall, pale, slender death-smitee, stricken, the very image of her eldest born, as he looked but one short month before she followed him to his early grave. "I have come home, mother, for you to cure me," said the youth. She could not answer.

With an aching heart, the mother that night made ready the bed, in which five of those she had lived on earth had died ; and laid upon it her softest pillows for the emaciated temples of her last ; and when she heard him assure her, that his complaint was a slow fever, and that city air had not agreed with him of late, and he should soon be well, now he was at home and had her to nurse him, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, and there was a choking in her throat, that almost stifled the few words she tried to utter. It was hard that night to pray ; but she did pray, until her spirit waxed warm within her, and she felt stronger to bear the heavy burden which has now laid upon her so suddenly.

Long before midnight she turned the pillow, which she had drenched with tears and laying her head upon it in holy confidence that all was for the best, sank into peaceful sleep of innocence. After this came the well known cares, and anxieties, and fear, and comforts.—

It was not long ere the sufferer himself knew that he had only come home to have his last hours soothed, as none but a mother can sooth them ; and to repose in the church yard where he had wandered among the graves in his childhood. From that hour the mother and the son talked little of earth and earthly things, when alone together, except at those transient intervals, when cheated for an instant by the deceitful nature of his complaints, life again rose

glimmering in fairy colors, before the eye of the youthful sufferer, and seemed for a moment nearer, brighter, and more substantial than the blessed regions beyond the grave. Short, however, were these intervals, and even in them the more experienced eye of the mother read too well all that might once have deceived her ; at such times she found it needful to pray alone.

She did not ask that the cup might pass from her, that her son might be spared to her ; she had done that when she was young in sorrow,

and had not been sufficiently chastised. But

now she felt assured that he was to die, and

that it was best he should die ; she only prayed that he might fitly for that pure and happy world, into which he was mercifully taken so young, and that she might be comforted from above through her present trial, and the loneliness of her old age.

Both prayers were reasonable, and they were not rejected. The

very act of praying for resignation south us

into that blessed state of mind for which we pray. During the sickness of her son, the cares of the widow were many ; but so too his way past them. The struggle was violent

and brief, but fervently raised towards heaven, and were her comforts. She toiled for him, but short and presently, bound, panting, and

were her comforts. She toiled for him, but

she prayed with him. Those who knew how

very near he was to her, and that he was her all

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were many times, when, as she listened to the

pure and holy sentiments of a dying Christian,

and looked on his cheek, flushed not more with

the fire that revelled in his veins than with hope,

and beheld the sandy expression of his eyes,

and all, worldly shame, rushed upon her soul.

She felt that it was joy thus to contemplate

even the last of her children. She regarded

him, not as a being of earth, but as one about

to ascend almost visibly to his proper home a

region of perfect purity and happiness. How

could she weep while such ideas crowded on her mind.

In the same village, and separated only by a small orchard from the cottage of the pious widow, lived one on whom the sun of worldly prosperity shone bright. Seated amidst the rural abundance of a large and thriving farm, surrounded by a family of healthy children, and almost a stranger to sorrow from her birth, the neighbor of our widow was a woman who performed all her worldly duties without reproach looked upon the peace and plenty that surrounded her, as a matter of course, and rose up in

the morning, and lay down in the evening with one aspiration of heartfelt prayer of gratitude to Him whom she never denied, but seldom thought of, as the author of her happiness.

Twice only had the even shadow of grief fallen upon her dwelling during a long life ; once when the husband whom she had wedded with indifference in her youth was taken from her, after ten years of union had warned her heart into something like conjugal love ; and once when her eldest and favorite child, after a boyhood of dangerous idleness and mischievous pranks, elapsed from her and went to sea. From that time she had never heard from him : months and years rolled on, filled up with the round of petty duties, cares, and joys ; and she had imperceptibly learned to think of him as one whose face she should behold no more.

But no fortnight after the gentle and pious Walter returned to die under the eye of his mother, George Nelson came home, to the long forsaken abode of his childhood. Proud and happy, indeed was the mother, as she gazed on the handsome and hardy sailor, and beheld him loaded, as she thought with the trots of successful toil ; proud and happy, but not grateful !

The frequent oath, indeed sounded strangely and harshly in her ear ; and sometimes during the jollity of his unguarded moments, she heard tales to which she wished she had not listened. But her doubts and her scruples sprung from deep source ; and though she feared that all was not right, her very soul did not shudder within her in that horror of depravity natural to those whose affections are given to a God of purity ; and her doubts did not prey upon her spirit. She remembered that such were the ways of sailors ; she palliated the sin of the man in her own mind, as she had done the follies of the boy, and for three days exulted and was happy. The bold yet scrupulous eye of the youth, certoo inconsistencies in the account he gave of himself during his long absence, and the utter want of principle betrayed in his conversation, won him no regard among his neighbors ; particularly among those who remembered against him the misdemeanors and general recklessness of his boyhood. Yet the eye of a mother closed itself again all that night, when she walked away with a tottering step, to her own straw pallet, whispering fervently as she went, "My God ! oh forsake me not ! help me yet a little longer to bear this sorrow !"

Towards the gray of the morning, a short and broken sleep, full of dreams came upon each widow. But the visions of the one were of horror and dismay ; scenes of blood and violence thickened round her ; or she went through dark dungeons to visit some wretched prisoner, whose dimly seen features were but too familiar, or she beheld the tall gibbet stand up before her eyes, in some well known spot, that her children sported round her, and in each wild dream one face and figure still haunted her, till she woke only to shiver and shudder, at consciousness of the dreadful reality rushed over her mind. But peace waved her angel wings over the humble root of the poor widow, though death was within her doors ; the spirits of the departed came round her pillow, with bright and happy faces, the voices of those she loved ringing in her ears and her dreams were of Heaven and blessed things. She awoke to affliction, tempered with hope and resignation ; and great was the contrast between the sorrow which had that night fallen on the two dwellings.

His crime was indeed a crime of blood ; a murder committed with the aid of two accomplices on the wide and lonely ocean, where the cry of the wretched victim could reach no human ear, and his horrid struggles as they threw him into the sea, mangled and yet living, were vain as the hope of human succor. The particular of the tale never reached the ear of his mother ; but in the hopeless, alas ! almost

prayerless misery of that night, she felt what it was to have lived "without God in the world" and so to have brought up her eldest born.

That same night, the spirit of Walter Temple ascended to the God who gave it. His mother was alone in the room with him when he woke from a quiet sleep ; and pressing her shrivelled hands in his own cold and emaciated fingers, he whispered a request that she would read him one more chapter in the bible. She took it up, but as she looked on his face, she saw there the impress of death. She put the book into his hand, and eagerly drawing forward the dim candle that stood by his bedside, she beheld rather than heard the taint "God bless you mother," that quivered on his lips. Blessing more he murmured that she only indistinctly heard the words "humble hope," when a bright smile gleamed over his face, and with that celestial light upon his countenance he died.

The childless widow looked upon him long and earnestly, ere she knelt down by the bed-side to weep and pray ; she could hardly believe that he was gone, so gentle had been the dreaded separation of body and soul ; never

had she seen the departing spirit exhale itself so peacefully from its tenement of clay. And it did not seem possible in the nature of things, that last and youngest should lie there a corpse, while she stood by with her silver hair, her bent figure, and wrinkled cheek, like one whose proper hour had long since come, and who had nothing more to do on earth. But when she did realize he was dead, she uttered no shrieks, no bitter wailings of despair, for she felt that she had no cause ; yet she wept when she felt her own loneliness, when she looked on his youth and thought what he might have been to her old age. But at last her sobs grew less frequent, the voice of her prayer grew stronger, and the spirit of God came upon her in peace and resignation. She rose to look again upon the face of the departed, and to close the dull eye where alone death looked ghostly. Then she gazed on the pale brow, so lately throbbing with pain, and now so calm ; and the mouth about which lingered the seraphic smile of dissolution ; and she parted the fair locks on his forehead till the chill of death struck to her fingers, and the struggle between the sickness of her heart and the faith that endures all things, became too strong to be borne ; then she walked away with a tottering step, to her own straw pallet, whispering fervently as she went, "My God ! oh forsake me not ! help me yet a little longer to bear this sorrow !"

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VISIT TO THE HERMITAGE.

[The following letter was written by T. A. S. Doniphian, Esq. Natchez, by one of the editors of the "Columbian Democrat," and published in a recent number of the "Weekly Free Trade."]

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 16, 1837.

Friend D.—I arrived in this town a few days since. It is situated on the Cumberland river, which is navigable half the year for the largest class of steamboats. The place is healthy, and all the comforts of life, and its luxuries too, can be obtained for about one-half what they cost in Mississippi. Middle Tennessee is the garden of the south western country.

In company with J. O. Bradford, Esq., the talented and accomplished editor of the Nash-

ville Union, I visited the Hermitage, which you

know is the residence of the most distinguished

American of the age. He lives about ten miles

from his seat with an oath, and after a wild

glance round the room in search of other means

of escape, made a desperate attempt to force

his way past them. The struggle was violent

and brief, but fervently raised towards heaven,

and were her comforts. She toiled for him, but

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She felt that it was joy thus to contemplate

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him, not as a being of earth, but as one about

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region of perfect purity and happiness. How

A portico or gallery extends the length of the house both front and rear, each supported by six stately pillars. A beautiful yard gently elevated, extends for some distance in front. The grounds are tastefully ornamented with shrubs and berry.

General Jackson was in the main hall when we rode up—he met us at the door ; after cordially saluting my estimable friend B., I was introduced. Gen. Jackson's manner is so easy and familiar, that every body is perfectly at home in his company.

We found him in fine spirits—his mind appears to have lost none of its youthful vigor, although it is gently making inroads upon his noble and commanding person—a very good idea of the general contour of his face and head is conveyed, in the various likenesses with which we frequently meet.

He is inclined to stoop a little, when walking, yet steps with all the firmness and activity of a man at the age of thirty. His memory appears to be remarkably retentive : he recited incidents of the revolutionary struggle, of the late war, of the Creek and Seminole campaigns which were listened to with great interest.

Do you know the origin of his cognomen of "Old Hickory?" After the battle of New Orleans, when he was returning with the Kentucky and Tennessee volunteers, he loaned his horse to a soldier in the neighborhood of Natchez ; the General fell in the rear of the army, and pursued his way on foot. After he had marched some twenty or thirty miles, one of the soldiers observed to his comrade that "the General would break down." "No," observed his companion "he is as tough as hickory."

Ever since the occurrence of the anecdote in 1815, he has borne the title.

He has the history of barking at his tongue's end ; he shed a mass of light upon that subject, as well as upon all others of which he spoke, that could not fail to instruct and improve.

He deprecates the circulation of change bills.

Shortly after he was elected President of the United States, some of the poor market women

came to him with a complaint that they were

seriously imposed upon by being compelled to

receive the depreciated paper when was then

issued by the corporations of Washington,

Georgetown and Alexandria, in payment of

their produce. They lost twenty-five cents on

the dollar in getting them changed into specie.

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**PROSPECTUS
OF THE
DAILY AGE.**

THE Publishers of THE AGE propose to issue a Daily Paper during the next session of the Legislature, (provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be procured,) to contain a report of the proceedings and debates in both branches, together with the news of the day, a synopsis of the proceedings of Congress, and the usual variety of other topics.

The price of the Daily Age will be ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS for the session, and to those of our regular subscribers who do not discontinue the weekly paper, One Dollar and Twenty Five Cents.

Any person procuring six subscribers and remitting the amount of their subscription, shall be entitled to a seventh copy gratis.

We earnestly desire that the names of all subscribers may be forwarded as early as the 25th of December. The price of all subscriptions and arrears must be paid by the first of January, or we shall have no money to give them to the Legislature.

In case sufficient encouragement is not afforded for a daily paper, we will publish one three times a week, at \$1 for the session, or seven copies for \$6; provided subscribers enough will confide in us to entitle us to an enhanced public belief, that all that is necessary to secure for them in all places where they are offered for sale, that approbation they merit, is their use.

Six days is sufficient to satisfy any person of their superiority—and that time will be allowed to every one who buys a Truss, to return it if he chooses.

Persons at different places can obtain a Truss to fit, by sending a small sum to us, and we will forward the Truss to you.

A few of the many Certificates that the subscriber has in his possession, are inserted below, and others sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous, can be shown by his Agent.

Battleboro, Sept. 1836. ISAAC THOMPSON.

**NEW AND VALUABLE PATENT
TRUSS.**

THE subscriber is aware that there is a number of kinds of Trusses already before the Public, but from experience in using a number of them himself, and from the testimony of others that have worn them, he was induced to believe that a Truss better adapted to the wants of that portion of the community that have had misfortune to have a Hernia or Rupture, would be made by the help of a Dr. Pinner, to believe who has been engaged in such a task. Trusses preferable to none other now known, it is decidedly the safest and easiest to wear; and is a secure barrier against the escape of the Viscera without in the least, endangering the adjacent spermatic cord. From the credit that they have already gained in the last year when they have been used, and from the certificates of numbers who have been cured by wearing them, and from the recommendations of Surgeons and Physicians who have seen them, and the general approbation that the Truss has received among the German Physicians, we are confident that when it has been exhibited in this place, the subscriber can with confidence, offer them to an enlightened public, believing that all that is necessary to secure for them in all places where they are offered for sale, that approbation they merit, is their use.

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Battleboro, Sept. 1836. ISAAC THOMPSON.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Mr. Isaac Thompson, Sir—Having had occasion, during my term of office, to publish a Daily paper during the session of the Legislature. The session will be one of great interest, the parties being nearly balanced in strength, though the Whigs will unquestionably have the ascendancy in the State government.

It is well understood we believe that a daily paper for the session will also generally print the expenses of publication. The price was put too low in the first place, and could not be easily raised again, and so it was left at \$1. We lost a small sum in 1832 at \$1 per session. Finding in subsequent years that we could not make up the loss, we tried a tri-weekly. This also did not prove, as we were obliged to keep the same number of reporters, and print the same quantity of matter without any of the advertising profits which substantially paper in large towns. Last year the rates were so hard that we published only the weekly. This something more is now expected, and we have therefore issued proposals for a daily paper at \$1.50 in advance for the session. The session is really no more than our original estimate, the sessions are about 50 percent longer than they were seven years ago.

Those who are already subscribers to the weekly and continue to take it while taking the Daily will be charged \$1.25.

Any person obtaining seven subscribers and paying for them will be entitled to one extra for his compensation, and for a greater number it will be allowed in the same ratio.

We wish the list of names sent to us by mail or otherwise on or before the middle of December, so that we may know whether we have subscribers to justify us in publishing a Daily; for we do not wish to incur a Tri-weekly.

The list of subscribers may be sent to us in single letters, and the pay forwarded by members of the Legislature when they come to the seat of Government.

We shall have pretty full, and hope accurate reports of Legislative proceedings, and of the daily proceedings of Congress.

LUTHER SEVERANCE.

Augusta, Nov. 1, 1837.

To the Court of Common Pleas next to be helden at Paris, in aid for the County of Oxford on the second Tuesday of November, 1837.

RODNEY CHAFFIN, of Buckfield, in said County, Housewright, respectfully shows that on the 25th day of June 1836, he made a contract in writing with John Taylor of said Buckfield, Cordwainer, a proprietor of land, for the erection of a dwelling house for said Taylor, to be situated on said Taylor's land in said Buckfield, near the dwelling house of Nathan Atwood, and for furnishing labor and materials for the same, that pursuant to said contract, said Chaffin did erect and completed said house, so far as labor and materials were concerned, as the same by said contract was intended to be done, and continuing having been duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, as by law in such cases is provided; by all which said Chaffin has a lien on said dwelling house and the lot of land on which the same stands, to secure the payment of his charges and expenses for labor and materials thus arising, amounting in the whole to two hundred and ninety-five dollars and interest thereon. He therefore prays your Honors to order a sale of said land with the said house and appurtenances as by law is provided, and that his said claim be paid out of the proceeds thereof.

RODNEY CHAFFIN, by SAM'L F. BROWN, his Attorney.

Buckfield, July 25, 1837.

Orono, in Clerks Office, July 29, 1837. Then received and filed. Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a Court of Common Pleas held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1837.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the petitioner give notice thereof to all creditors having a lien as aforesaid on said estate to appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Paris in and for said County of Oxford on the second Tuesday of June next, and make out their claims under such contract; and is the owner or owners of said estate to appear at the same time and place, and shew cause, if any they have, why a decree that such estate shall be sold, should not be passed; by publishing an attested copy of said petition and of this order of Court thereon, three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at said Paris, the last publication to be at least fourteen days before the next term of this Court to be helden as aforesaid.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue at the Inn of Abel Delano, Livermore in said County, on Monday the fifteenth day of January A. D. 1838, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and interest in equity of redemption, which the subscriber, James Stevie, late of Paris, in aid for the County of Oxford, now deceased, had to the several parcels of real estate situated in said Livermore, which William H. Bretton conveyed to the said Stone, Daniel Brown, George W. Springer, and Joel Whitmore, by warranty deed, dated the thirtieth day of June A. D. 1835, and recorded with the Oxford Records, Book 44, pages 426 and 427—reference being had to said deed for a more particular description of said premises, and all the right, title, and interest in equity of redemption which the said Stone had in said premises on the ninth day of May A. D. 1836, when the same was attached upon the original writ; and premises being under mortgage to the said Bretton for about eighteen thousand dollars. A more particular description of the premises and circumstances thereof will be given at the time and place of sale.

LEW STRICKLAND, Deputy Sheriff.

December, 16th, 1837.

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December, 16th, 1837.

3W18

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss:

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LEW STRICKLAND, Deputy Sheriff.

December, 16th, 1837.

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LEW STRICKLAND, Deputy Sheriff.

December, 16th, 1837.

3W18

SHERIFF'S SALE.